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A LIVE WIRE.

The recent visit to Chicago of a company of New York city officials, headed by Mayor Mitchell, for the purpose of inspecting the school systems of this vicinity, was an event whose significance needs to be emphasized. We have often asserted that the mayor of a large American city has no greater responsibility than that which is associated with the management of its public schools, and that the most important function he exercises is that of appointing the school trustees. How that responsibility has been evaded, and how that function has been subordinated to political interests by the mayors of Chicago as far back as memory reaches provides material for a melancholy chapter in our civic annals. It would be difficult to imagine a mayor of Chicago taking the matter of public education as seriously as the New York executive seems to have taken it, although our present executive head, in one of his earlier terms, once went so far as to appoint a really competent commission to investigate the subject. It is true that the findings of that commission were almost completely ignored, but the fact of its creation was encouraging. It remains, nevertheless, about the only thing ever done by a mayor of Chicago to indicate a sense that the duties of the executive office in relation to the schools extend to something beyond rewarding political supporters, seeing that nationalities and religions and topographical areas are represented in school affairs, and determining the award of fat contracts to the deserving.

It is not, however, our present purpose to enlarge upon the history of school management in Chicago, but rather to suggest a point of view which is material to the judgment to be passed upon the recent outburst of educational activity on the part of the New York authorities. Our approval of the investigation is considerably lessened when we remember that Mayor Mitchell is the one responsible for the continuance in office of Mr. Thomas W. Churchill as President of the New York Board of Education. During his previous term, Mr. Churchill's activities had proved so mischievous and so demoralizing to the interests of the New York schools that

protests against his reappointment came from practically all educators who observed the situation at close range and were competent to pass upon it. These protests were so pronounced and so weighty that only a politician could have ignored them, but Mr. Mitchell flouted the consensus of intelligent professional opinion upon the subject by extending the term of Mr. Churchill's authority. Many illustrations of his unfitness for the office might be adduced, but numbers could not make the argument more convincing than the single instance we are about to give.

It is well known that for many years the superintendency of the New York city schools has been in the very competent hands of Dr. William H. Maxwell, one of the most highly respected of American educators. Sometime last fall, the Public Education Association of New York, a voluntary organization of men and women working in the interest of the schools, invited Dr. Maxwell to attend a conference on the educational budget for the year. President Churchill, learning of this invitation, wrapped himself in the robes of his little brief authority, and wrote to the veteran educator and New York Superintendent of fifteen years' standing a letter containing the following amazing sentence: "You are therefore requested not to attend this conference, and to direct the superintendents or other officers immediately under your direction that no attention should be paid to the request to appear at such conference unless the Board of Education, or its President, grants permission." Dr. Maxwell's reply to this ukase was dignified but uncompromising. We quote the significant passages.

"In reply I beg leave to say that I have received and have accepted an invitation to be present at this conference. In this case I feel justified in reaching a decision not in accord with your views. I have ever regarded it as part, indeed a large part, of my duty as a public officer, to give information regarding the schools and their work to any citizen or any body of citizens who asked for it, to defend publicly their work, their administration, and my own actions against unjust attack, and to profit by just criticism and opportune suggestion. It is in pursuance of this policy that I have in the past attended public meetings to consider educational questions, that I have accepted the invitation of the Public Education Association for September 22, and that I purpose to continue to attend such meetings.

"You request further that I 'direct the superintendents or other officers immediately under your (my) direction that no attention should be paid to the request to appear at such conference.' I

regret exceedingly that I cannot comply with this request. I do not find, either in the law or in the by-laws of the Board of Education, that any authority has been conferred on the City Superintendent of Schools to 'direct' his colleagues as to their attendance on outside meetings. Even if such authority had been conferred on the City Superintendent, it would be inconsistent with my ideas of the courtesy that ought to prevail among ladies and gentlemen, to 'direct' my colleagues to pay 'no attention' to an invitation from any reputable body of citizens to participate in a conference. I conceive it to be the duty of all teachers to set to the youth of our city an example of appropriate courtesy in the ordinary intercourse of life. Such courtesy is due to all men and women of whatever estate. It certainly should not be lacking toward the Public Education Association, composed, as it is, of men and women who have taken a deep interest in our public schools, and who have done so much to aid every worthy effort for their advancement and to defeat every attempt at their injury.

"But there is a still stronger reason why the City Superintendent should not 'direct' officers 'immediately under his direction' not to attend conferences. When a man becomes an officer in the public education service, he loses none of the rights of an American citizen. Free speech is one of those rights. I have too keen a sense of the limitations of my official authority, and too profound a regard for the institutions of my country, to attempt to interfere with the right of free speech, even at the request of the President of the Board of Education."

We are not surprised that the magazine "Education," quoting this letter, calls it "one of the greatest educational documents of the year," and adds that "its influence will be widespread and permanent."

This correspondence illustrates in a striking fashion a defect which is found in most of our municipal school systems. The rights and duties of a superintendent should be so defined and protected by law as to make this sort of petty tyranny impossible, and to keep the activities of boards of education within proper bounds. Unfortunately, they are not, in most of our states, thus safeguarded, and, in consequence, we find nearly everywhere that fussy and self-important school trustees, whose legitimate business it is to manage the finances of the system and decide broad principles of educational policy, are interfering and dictating in strictly professional matters with which they have no rightful concern. For the educational side of the system, it is their business to employ experts, and then leave them a free hand. Any confusion between the functions of trusteeship and administration is bound to be harmful, and ought

to be made impossible. The ideal school board is one whose powers are strictly limited, in whose membership there is no representation of special groups or interests, and whose numbers are not too large to permit of all being seated around a small table and carrying on their discussions in a conversational tone. It is the indulgence in oratory that plays the mischief in board meetings, and makes real deliberation impossible. President Eliot has been urging this ideal upon us for many years, and it is time that we should heed his sane and sober counsel.

Returning to Mr. Churchill, it is obvious that any further exhibition of his unfitness to hold the position he occupies must be of the nature of an anti-climax, but there are one or two other matters of which we are impelled to say a word. It was only the other day that he distinguished himself by a violent onslaught upon that worthiest of educational philanthropies, the Carnegie Foundation, upon the ground, forsooth, that Mr. Carnegie does not choose to extend his benefaction to institutions that flout the very idea of a university by establishing sectarian tests for their teaching. The narrow-minded and reactionary temper of this outburst is almost incredible, and is anything but becoming to an educational official in high position. Recently, also, Mr. Churchill delivered himself, at a public school reunion in New York, of an address from which we are constrained to make a few extracts. He began by telling the pathetic story of a boy who got into a high school in a slightly irregular way, and who could not be kept there, under the rules, until special action was taken in his case. But whence these tears? The action *was* taken, and surely a system of high schools must have rules regulating conditions of entrance. Next, he assails what he calls the "high school standard," indulging in declamation about the schools being "for the people," and inveighing against "the traditions of ancient aristocracy." This, of course, is the sheerest claptrap, and means, if it means anything, that children of a certain age must be passed through the high school, without regard to their acquirements, and in defiance of the fact that they are not yet qualified to be promoted from the lower grades. "Schools for the people" is a phrase meaning that suitable instruction is freely offered to every child; it emphatically does *not* mean that a child has

a prescriptive right to be shoved along at the normal rate if through dullness or laziness he does not make the normal progress. Later, the author pays his respects to science, which in the schools has "been enacted into a list of sesquipedalian words and sentences as intelligible to the mind of an ordinary parent as the chatter of the jabberwock." Finally, invoking the memories of 1776, the author indulges in a diatribe against what he calls the "monarchical regiment" [*sic*] in education, although it is hard to find out what he means by it. The trail of the demagogue is over every paragraph of this address, which no intelligent person can read without disgust, mingled with sorrow that its author should hold by the grace of politics the post of highest authority in the school system of New York.

The "Journal of Education," which prints the address, calls Mr. Churchill "a live wire." The metaphor is well chosen, because a live wire may be a very dangerous thing. Unfortunately, this particular wire is at loose ends, and is a menace to those who get within its reach. A live wire that is properly and safely circuited supplies the effective driving force that a school system needs, but the current should be promptly shut off from such a live wire as the President of the New York Board of Education.

CASUAL COMMENT.

JOURNALISTIC IDEALS commonly mean low and utilitarian or commercial ideals, and among the popular metropolitan journals that are usually regarded as not disinclined to sacrifice higher aims to less exalted motives has long been numbered the newspaper directed so brilliantly and for so many years by the commanding genius whose name is associated with our leading school for the training of journalists. Interesting, and not devoid of unintentional humor, are the following extracts from an eloquent monologue uttered by Mr. Joseph Pulitzer a short time before his death, and reproduced by one of his secretaries in the book elsewhere reviewed in these pages. After asserting that "accuracy is to a newspaper what virtue is to a woman," and that his daily instructions to his staff insist first and foremost upon accuracy, Mr. Pulitzer continues: "I do not say that *The World* is the only paper which takes extraordinary pains to be accurate; on the contrary, I think that almost every paper in

America tries to be accurate. I will go further than that. There is not a paper of any importance published in French, German or English, whether it is printed in Europe or in America, which I have not studied for weeks or months, and some of them I have read steadily for a quarter of a century; and I tell you this, Mr. Ireland, after years of experience, after having comparisons made by the hundred, from time to time, of different versions of the same event, that the press of America as a whole has a higher standard of accuracy than the European press as a whole." The speaker's deliberate opinion is that "there are no newspapers in America which are so habitually, so criminally stuffed with fake news as the worst of the European papers." And further: "As a matter of fact, the criticisms you hear about the American press are founded on a dislike for our headlines and for the prominence we give to crime, to corruption in office, and to sensational topics generally; the charge of inaccuracy is just thrown in to make it look worse. I do not believe that one person in a thousand who attacks the American press for being inaccurate has ever taken the trouble to investigate the facts." Even the charge of sensationalism, most shameful of literary crimes, is made to rest on a very frail foundation, if not altogether refuted. Is all this to be taken as highly encouraging and gratifying, or simply as one more illustration of the old maxim, *quot homines, tot sententia*, and of the equally ancient truth that men easily believe what they wish to believe?

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE TOURGUENIEFF-TOLSTOI BREACH is told by Tolstoi's son, Count Ilyá Tolstoi, in the current instalment of his reminiscences of his father, in the "Century Magazine." It is made clear that, contrary to the prevalent notion, there was no literary rivalry or literary jealousy between the two men; but there was perpetual discord between their temperaments. "Your whole being stretches out hands toward the future," writes the older to the younger man in 1856; "mine is built up in the past. For me to follow you is impossible. For you to follow me is equally out of the question. You are too far removed from me, and besides, you stand too firmly on your own legs to become any one's disciple. I can assure you that I never attributed any malice to you, never suspected you of any literary envy. I have often thought, if you will excuse the expression, that you were wanting in common sense, but never in goodness. You are too penetrating not to know that if either of us has cause to envy the other, it is certainly not you that

has cause to envy me." But five years later there came what Tolstoi's son calls "a complete breach" between the two friends, though its completeness was not such as to prevent exchange of courtesies and even an extension of hospitality on at least three occasions on the part of the "crank," as his friend regarded him, who had secluded himself at Yásnaya Polyána. The case is well summarized by Count Ilyá thus: "It seems to me that Tourgueniéff, as an artist, saw nothing in my father beyond his great literary talent, and was unwilling to allow him the right to be anything besides an artist and a writer. Any other line of activity on my father's part offended Tourgueniéff, as it were, and he was angry with my father because he did not follow his advice. He was much older than my father, he did not hesitate to rank his own talent lower than my father's, and demanded only one thing of him, that he should devote all the energies of his life to his literary work." But of course Tolstoi insisted on being something more than a literary artist, and so these two, each of whom protested that he had never had a serious disagreement with any one else, and each of whom earnestly desired the other's friendship, were utterly unable to "hit it off" together.

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THE SUSTAINING POWER OF POETRY, in moments of physical weakness and mental depression, has been attested more than once. In an eloquent passage of his writings Robertson of Brighton describes the refreshment and reinvigoration that he derived from Shakespeare in times of weariness, and contrasts this healthful stimulus with the baleful effects of those grosser medicaments resorted to by the slaves of alcohol or opium. Matthew Arnold's well-known sonnet, "To a Friend," beginning, "Who prop, thou ask'st, in these bad days, my mind?" gives high praise to Homer, "clearest-souled of men," but higher still to Sophocles, "who saw life steadily and saw it whole." During his recent recovery from a severe illness Senator Lodge had recourse to the poets of Greece and of England to build up again the weakened fabric of his inner life. He describes in "Divisions of a Convalescent," published in this month's "Scribner's Magazine," the solace and satisfaction he found in recalling certain familiar poems and parts of poems, and tells how his thoughts, "ranging at will through the wide spaces of memory, turned naturally and chiefly to Milton and Shakespeare, above all to the latter. Passages from 'Paradise Lost,' from 'Lycidas,' 'L'Allegro,' 'Il Penseroso,' the 'Samson Agonistes,' and the 'Comus,' and lines from the sonnets, came unbidden in the

silences of such a time. They were only fragments, but there was an endless pleasure in trying to recite them, to see how far the convalescent could go, and there was something infinitely soothing and satisfying in their noble beauty and in the mere perfection of the words and rhythm. . . . He reiterates that "it was to Shakespeare, best known and best beloved, that the convalescent's mind turned most constantly. His words recurred unceasingly as the thoughts, effortless and unfettered, flitted here and there. Passages from the plays, entire sonnets, repeated themselves to the convalescent, some over and over again, always with a sense of peace and deep content." One is reminded of Carlyle, in the loneliness and feebleness of his last years, solacing himself with reading again the whole of Shakespeare.

LITERATURE AS VIEWED BY ITS MAKERS has unquestionably its seamy side, comparable with that of the drama as contemplated from the stage and behind the scenes. When we give ourselves up to the sublimities of the "Divine Comedy" we seldom think of its author as the man who, in more than a figurative sense, had descended into Hell (for it was in that character that the people were wont to regard him as they craned their necks to get a peep at him on the street), and when we refresh ourselves with the delightful humor and pathos of "The Vicar of Wakefield" we forget the four weary years its author waited, in poverty and discouragement, for its publication. Goldsmith's ready pen and his dexterity as a compiler gave him but little satisfaction. "While you are nibbling about elegant phrases, I am obliged to write half a volume," he complained to his friend Cradock. In the letters of Edward Dowden now given to the world in two selective collections occur not a few expressions of distaste for the less pleasing part of his daily duties as a writer of books and as a lecturer on literature. For example, one of his letters closes thus: "I must end, and turn to—may I say an *infernal* kind of work, writing examination papers—which will occupy me for several toilsome days. You at least have not to torture English literature into horrid little questions." And an earlier one has this passage: "My miscellaneous reading for my E. literature book sinks down into a Serbonian bog. You can fully appreciate the difficulty of getting at facts from Bede, or rather from 'Beowulf' and 'Cædmon' onwards, where much is uncertain and much obscure." Still again, referring to the same task, he moans: "The English literature has nearly crushed me out of existence." There

is something almost Carlylean in his outcries against the difficulties of his literary task, though the entire removal of those difficulties would probably have left him as wretched as was Carlyle as soon as he had finished one book and while he was waiting for the impulse to begin another. The author, no less than the obscurest of his readers, looks before and after and pines for what is not, and for what by no possibility ever can be.

WHY THE DESIRED BOOK IS NOT FORTHCOMING is a question that has puzzled and also irritated more public-library users than could easily be counted. With that tendency which we all show to base our generalizations on one or two striking instances, the disappointed applicant for a recent popular novel exclaims: "That's just the way; I *never* can get anything I want here," and he (or more often she) flings out of the library and slams the door in wrathful disgust—or would slam it if it were not for its anti-slam attachment which cruelly denies one that solace. With a scrupulosity not found in every library report, the John Crerar librarian explains, in his current annual record of things done and things left undone, "the causes of failures to supply books called for," as follows: "At bindery, 663; otherwise unavailable temporarily, mostly burned or stolen and not yet replaced, 49; in use by another reader, 1,073; withdrawn from general circulation, 39; not found on shelves, 548; errors of library assistants or records, 140; total, 2,512. The total is 1.58 per cent of the total call slips presented. Excluding the first four causes as unavoidable, the avoidable failures were 0.43 per cent." This total of less than one-fiftieth of all the books called for is creditably small. The corresponding figures in a public library circulating fiction and other light literature would be considerably larger, probably too large to admit of publication with any great pride on the librarian's part. Among the minor problems daily confronting the public librarian, there is none more hopeless of solution than the problem of meeting promptly every demand for a popular book without overloading the library with extra copies that must speedily become so much useless lumber.

IMMORTAL CHARACTERS IN FICTION are not created by every novelist. Indeed, to the older novel-readers among us it sometimes seems as if no characters were now being created to compare in popularity and longevity with the famous creations of Dickens and Scott and Thackeray. At the Boston Authors' Club it was asserted the other day

that no modern romancer had yet arisen whose characters could be compared with those of these older novelists in respect to what may be called their lingering or haunting quality. Surely, if any recent writers have given to the world any Sam Wellers or Dominie Sampsons or Becky Sharps, the world is not yet keenly conscious of the gift. And yet, among the younger novel-readers there are doubtless not a few who are far more familiar with the characters of Mr. Kipling's and Mr. Locke's and Mr. Arnold Bennett's books than with those of any writer so nearly mediæval as must to them appear the great trio named above. Nevertheless, these other and later children of the romancer's imagination show little disposition to join the company of universally-known fictitious characters, although exception might be made in favor of several that will occur to the reader. Mr. Dooley, though not exactly a personage out of a novel, has a fame that is more than national, as also have those juvenile favorites, Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn; and it may be that Rebecca will not fade from memory with the passing of the buttercups. But no one can tell beforehand what names will get into the "Who's Who in Fiction" of half a century hence.

How to win the immigrant, how to help him to feel at home in the new land, and how to open the way to his becoming a useful and loyal citizen, are questions that have deeply interested Mr. John Foster Carr, as is already known from his widely circulated "Guide to the United States for the Italian Immigrant," a manual translated, *mutatis mutandis*, into many tongues for the benefit of immigrants from many lands. A later work from the same hand, entitled "Immigrant and Library," is primarily for the librarian who wishes to increase the usefulness of his library among the alien population of his neighborhood. This little book, too, has reference especially to the Italian immigrant, and its preliminary pages of general suggestion and advice are followed by classified lists of Italian books likely to meet the needs and desires of working-class Italians. As the writer well says, "we sometimes forget that no naturalized citizen can ever be a good American unless he has first been a good Italian or German or Greek—unless he has the reverent instinct of loyalty to the land of his birth. If he is to be a good American, we must give him some sufficient reason for respecting and loving our land. And how better than through the library can this country of ours be made alluring, accepted in love? Alluring certainly is the library's invitation to per-

sonal progress and self-betterment, and in its friendly rooms are an American environment and the atmosphere of our spoken English." Among evidences that library work with those in whom Mr. Carr is interested is not thrown away may be cited the Boston Public Library's testimony that "children of foreign-born parents read a better class of books than their American brothers and sisters." The Immigrant Education Society, of New York, publishes Mr. Carr's useful manual, which is likely to meet with an increasing demand, if certain signs in the library field are not misleading.

THE MODESTY OF GENIUS is one of its most pleasing traits when it is present, which it not always is. In our mental pictures of Dickens the quality of modest simplicity and utter absence of conceit or self-consciousness is, perhaps, not the most prominent feature, thanks to the stories that have come down to us of his jaunty appearance as a young man, and of preference for neckties of not the quietest hue and for other articles of personal adornment rather characteristic of the dandy. That we may have unwittingly done the great novelist a wrong seems to be indicated by a noteworthy passage from the pen of his son, Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, K. C., who contributes "A Chat About Charles Dickens" to this month's "Harper's Magazine." He writes: "Now if I were asked what it was that had struck me most about my father I think I should unhesitatingly say that it was his extraordinary modesty. His nature was of the simplest; his absence of affectation or conceit surprising. When it is remembered how, at the age of twenty-four, he jumped to the very top of his profession and remained there to the end, no man could well have blamed him if he had shown some slight symptoms of having had his head turned. I can emphatically assert, from my knowledge of him, that there was a total absence of anything of the kind." It may be objected that the members of a man's family are too near him to see him in the right perspective, and the objection is not without weight; but let us not forget the emphatic words of Carlyle upon hearing of Dickens's death,—“the good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever-friendly, noble Dickens; every inch of him an honest man.”

THE LITERARY DIVERSIONS OF A PHYSICIAN sometimes succeed in securing a place in his affections not second to that held by the things of his profession. It is safe to say that Sir Thomas Browne, Dr. John Brown, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Dr. S. Weir

Mitchell all took more satisfaction, in secret if not openly, in their success and fame as authors than in their reputation as practitioners of medicine. What we accomplish with the left hand and at odd moments seems to bear more unmistakably the stamp of innate capacity or genius than that which with sedulous training and strenuous effort we achieve in our regular working hours and by the conscientious application of our best energies. Dr. Christopher Johnston, who died in Baltimore at the end of last month, was the son of a physician and was himself educated to be a physician, and for eight years practiced medicine in the city of his birth; but Oriental studies encroached increasingly on his time and attention, until finally he became known to the world as one of the most eminent Orientalists in this country and as a writer in his chosen department of learning, holding at the same time a professorship in this department at Johns Hopkins University. He wrote "Epistolary Literature of the Assyrians and Babylonians," which appeared in 1896, and edited ten years later a work on "Ancient Empires of the East." Articles on Assyriology and Egyptology also came from his pen, and he gave assistance to Professor Paul Haupt in a new translation of the Bible issued some years ago in Germany. Dr. Johnston was born in Baltimore, Dec. 8, 1856, received his college education at the University of Virginia, his medical training at the University of Maryland, studied and afterward taught Semitics at Johns Hopkins, and rose to the dignity of a full professorship (in Oriental history and archaeology) in that university six years ago.

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THE QUESTION OF PUBLIC PENSIONS FOR AUTHORS, a question that some are trying to agitate in this country, has more than one aspect and is not the simplest problem imaginable. Generally speaking, what interest in or acquaintance with literature can be claimed for our legislators or other government officials who would be called upon to grant the proposed pensions? In Tennyson's day in England, as the London "Chronicle" has recently pointed out, there was no end of difficulty in getting suitable pensions for deserving men of letters. When the question of granting the author of "The Lady of Shalott" a pension of two hundred pounds was under consideration, there was a rival in the field in the person of Sheridan Knowles. Peel confessed his complete ignorance of both claimants. "What!" exclaimed Monekton Milnes, "have you never seen the name of Sheridan Knowles on a playbill?" "No."

"And have you never read a poem of Tennyson's?" "No." Milnes sent him "Locksley Hall" and "Ulysses" to peruse at his leisure, and the great statesman may or may not have done so; but, as all the world knows, Tennyson was so fortunate as to get his pension. Knowles's turn came later. Apparently it would have been all one to Peel whether the pension was asked for in the name of the greatest poet in the land or for the obscurest rhymester of Grub Street.

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ANOTHER BUSINESS MEN'S BRANCH LIBRARY, after the pattern of the highly successful pioneer institution of this kind at Newark, N. J., is about to be established in Boston's City Hall, in the room formerly used by the now extinct board of aldermen. The library already has a good collection of such reference books, maps, atlases, and other works, as are needed for the equipment of the proposed branch, and as it is not at present intended to provide books for circulation there will be little expense involved in the installation of the new service. Dr. Edward M. Hartwell, secretary of the statistics department, is named as head of the City Hall Branch — the name of this latest addition to the Boston Public Library system. New York has a similar branch of its public library in its City Hall, and it is safe to say that the business men's branch, as an essential part of the American public library, has come to stay and to grow.

BY-PRODUCTS OF LITERARY ENDEAVOR.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

There are so many, in these days of Compulsory Education, who can write, after a fashion, that it is not surprising to find the poor author adventuring upon paths unknown to his more stolid forefathers. The dignity of letters is only for the writer with a competence; the others have to scramble for what they can get, like schoolboys in a muddy field. And even your successful author, arrived at a pitch where he enjoys a more than comfortable income from his work, too often throws his dignity to the winds, scrambling with the rest for more, — which, from the point of view of his less fortunate brother in art, cannot be held other than reprehensible. But what is a popular writer to do when editors pursue him with flattering proposals? It takes a mind of uncommon loftiness to refuse handsome offers of cash for work that is easy and affords an agreeable change. And so we find novelists of renown, both men and women, writing in the public press, no doubt for highly exorbitant fees, on subjects with which they are often very imperfectly acquainted.

In fact, the less they know about their topic, it would seem, the more anxiously does the modern

editor crave their assistance. It has lately become the fashion with the more widely circulated of our London morning papers to select the most incongruous persons to act as reporters on their "Sports" page. Football, of course, is just now the popular craze, among a certain section of the public. We possess a whole class who follow the career of their favorites in the various leagues, or in the Cup Ties, with more than a feverish interest. Football, with these, is a religion: they are steeped in the terminology of the game: their reading, conversation, and thoughts appear all to be concentrated upon this one absorbing topic. And I suppose that the kindly editor of the London "Daily Mail" imagined that this intelligent section of his readers hungered for variety. Perhaps he reasoned that, being human, they must surely be getting tired of the uninspired stuff that was served up to them week after week by the common reporters. Or perhaps again he is a subtle humorist, delighting in the incongruous for its own sake. At any rate, for the last few months he has adopted the practice of employing as football reporter the Ignorant Celebrity. Sometimes he entraps a lady novelist; sometimes a pillar of the Church. The one essential appears to be that the writer should know as little as possible of the game he has to describe. Whether the football enthusiast enjoys the curious sustenance that is dished up to him above these honored names I have no means of telling. I should conjecture that he takes his favorite pastime too seriously to relish the change; probably he prefers the common man who knows his business to the more florid balderdash of the accomplished word-spinner. On the other hand, the editor of this popular journal is assuredly a man who knows his public. He is aware that they like big names. And it is possible that his readers experience a pleasant sense of superiority when they discover that, after all, they know more about the intricacies of the Association code than Miss Marie Corelli or the Right Reverend the Bishop of Zanzibar.

This pursuit of the Big Name is nothing new in British journalism: this latest development is merely a new phase of a practice that came into vogue toward the end of the last century. And there is something to be said for it. The opinion of the expert is very well, but now and again it is not amiss to have also the opinion of one who has earned his reputation in other fields. Thus we get a certain freshness of outlook; and freshness is an eminently desirable quality in a daily paper. A short time ago editors were all for securing the services of well-known players to write of the games in which they excelled. Professional cricketers used to write of the matches in which they took part; commonly, it may be admitted, they made a very dull job of it. So, too, almost all our leading golfers perpetrated books of advice on their so popular pastime. Some of these displayed a literary facility that confounded those critics who held that a certain torpidity of intellect was essential to the making of a first-class golfer. But there was, necessarily, a degree of sameness about their work: even the most enthusiastic of

golfers began to get tired of reading similar advice, worded with a slight difference. And the point of view was always the same,—the intensely serious outlook of the man to whom golf was a means of livelihood as well as a game. And so with cricket, and football, and the rest. It occurred to the powers who rule such things that perhaps the professional writer and preacher might infuse a little more spirit into the affair. And so they turned to the professional writer, the professional speaker, the artist in words and phrases, for a change.

Our great lights in fiction took up the work readily enough. But I do not know that they made a great success of the business. Several novelists have tried their hands at football matches; a bishop or two, I believe, have written their impressions of other games in which the Church had, up to that time, taken but a languid interest. But any freshness that they might have brought to their task was nipped by a natural fear of displaying their ignorance. Indeed, in most cases, the journal that employed them thought it necessary to provide a journalistic nurse to coach them in their duties. Under the eye of this mentor the poor fellows were afraid to let their fancy have free play. The apologetic note was too much in evidence in their work; and their reports read very much like those of a new hand who had yet to learn the alphabet of his trade. Certainly the bishops contrived to introduce a few words of moral reflection; the lady novelists attempted a few generalities; the humorists did their best to insert an occasional joke. But I doubt if the experiment will be repeated when we come to another football season.

The press of this country, very properly, does all it can to brighten its pages. Some years ago, we had the reputation of possessing the most solid daily press in the world. The solidity implied weight; and our morning papers secured their dignity at the cost of hard reading. Twenty years ago, or even less, the man who assimilated his "Times" in the morning felt as if he had already done a good day's work. As the general pace of life increased, it was felt that this daily labor imposed too great a task upon the nation; even the "Times" (most conservative of organs) had to modify its form and cast overboard some of its ancient lumber. It was about that time that the personal "causerie" began to take the place of the reasoned criticism. The art of writing in the press became the art of chatting pleasantly about personal predilections. Lightness and freshness of outlook were the two qualities most in demand. Young men were captured fresh from the universities, or even earlier, and set to record their impressions of the latest performances in Literature, Painting, Music, and the Drama. And at first, no doubt, they did infuse a certain amount of freshness into their task. But a very little experience of the critic's arm chair is sufficient to give the tyro all the airs of the expert; and in a very few weeks the young men were discovered to have picked up most of the outworn tags of their predecessors. But the manner, at any rate, was different; and the manner has persisted. The

reviewer of to-day, with the critic of music and the drama, still commonly adopts the personal standpoint, which is a legacy from those earlier times. He does not go back to first principles. He has, in short, no standard by which to judge but that of his own sympathies.

It is something for the young writer that he has no longer to mould his thoughts into the arbitrary form employed by the journalist of former days. He has a freer hand, both as to matter and manner. The old "leading article" of our youth had a framework of cast iron: it was a bed of Procrustes into which the writer had somehow to mould his thoughts, sometimes cutting them short but more often expanding them to the last degree of tenuity. Those three paragraphs, each about half a column in length, had to be filled; and the unhappy journalist, in self defence, fell insensibly into the habit of using the longest periphrases, a dozen words where two would serve. You could tell the accomplished leader-writer at a glance when he adventured into other fields of literary endeavor: there was apt to be something didactic and long-winded even in his conversation. He gained a fatal facility in the use of words; he became a machine for transforming every conceivable subject into articles in three paragraphs. I am glad to think that the leading article, in its old form, is practically dead. It could not be said to be good practice for the intending Man of Letters.

I confess myself a believer in the notion of a writer trying as many fields as possible. It is a commonplace that the best masters of prose have in general been able to write fluent if not inspired verse. And journalism has given many of our greatest names to literature, from the times of Dickens and Thackeray to the present day. The practice of daily writing may or may not be useful; sometimes, no doubt, it makes for proximity. But the journalist has to touch life at many points: he must have at the least a bowing acquaintance with all the activities of the moment; and this should have its use when he comes to the writing of novels. So that Mrs. Elinor Glyn and her sisters, who have recently paid occasional visits to the football field in the way of business, may possibly find inspiration for future works in the unaccustomed spectacle. In the meantime, their names have been advertised among a section of the public to whom, in all probability, their works had up to that time been but indifferently known.

And so, too, with the stage. The masters of modern fiction adventure more and more into this province, and with increasing success. Mr. Arnold Bennett is the most popular playwright of the moment; Mr. G. K. Chesterton may be said to have won his spurs at the same innocent pursuit; Mr. Temple Thurston is another recruit who appears to be making his way toward the legitimate drama by way of the music-hall sketch. Of Sir James Barrie, and the other lights who have already illuminated the British stage, there is no need to speak now. But he, too, has been coquetting with the music-halls. And while some of our older dramatists have been occupying themselves in the designing of pageants, one novelist, Mr.

Max Pemberton, has struck out a new line for himself by turning out those curious medleys, so popular here of late, which we call *Revue*s. And his industry has contributed not a little to the brightness of these strange productions. There are rumors of other novelists following his example. The more the barriers are broken down in this and other directions the better. I do not know that the profession of novelist can be said to be decaying, but it is certainly somewhat inconveniently over-crowded in these days.

E. H. LACON WATSON.

London, July 1, 1914.

COMMUNICATIONS.

LAMAR FONTAINE AND "ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The bare statement in a recent book, "Writers and Writings of Texas," that Lamar Fontaine was the author of the poem, "All Quiet along the Potomac," calls to mind one of the most picturesque figures in American literature and a literary controversy that was bitterly waged by the press during the seventies and eighties.

Fontaine was born, October 10, 1829, in Laberde Prairie, Washington County, Texas. In 1840 his family moved to Austin, then the capital of the Republic, where his father served first as private secretary to President Lamar (for whom Fontaine was named), and later as pastor of the Episcopal church. The remainder of Fontaine's life reads like pure fiction, and is rivalled in interest only by the adventurous life of Captain John Smith. Shortly after his arrival at Austin he was captured by the Comanche Indians, who kept him a prisoner for four years. Escaping by a clever subterfuge, he returned on foot to Austin, a distance of seven hundred and fifty miles. After six years in the U. S. Navy, under the instruction of Lieutenant Matthew Fontaine Maury, he went to Russia, where he entered the Russian army. During the siege of Sebastopol, by his expert marksmanship, he attracted the attention of the Czar, who bestowed on him the Iron Cross of Peter the Great. From Russia Fontaine journeyed to South America, and was there working as a civil engineer when the Civil War broke out. He sailed immediately for the South and enlisted in the Confederate army, acting for two years as a scout for Stonewall Jackson and later as a courier for Pemberton and Johnston. At the siege of Vicksburg Fontaine distinguished himself by penetrating the Union lines on crutches and entering the city with important dispatches and 40,000 gun caps. Altogether he took part in twenty-seven battles and fifty-seven skirmishes, and was wounded sixty-seven times! After the war and until his death in Augusta, Georgia, he supported himself by teaching and surveying.

The poem which is responsible for Fontaine's literary prominence appeared anonymously in "Harper's Weekly" for November 30, 1861, under

the title, "The Picket." His claim to its authorship was not long contested. Mrs. Ethel Beers, the only other contestant who gained much consideration, died on the very day (October 10, 1879) on which her only volume of poetry, "All Quiet along the Potomac, and Other Poems," appeared. This volume did much to strengthen her claim.

She has been favored, too, by most authorities. Thus Appleton's "Cyclopædia of American Biography" remarks: "Her most noted poem is 'All Quiet along the Potomac,' suggested by an oft-repeated dispatch during the first year of the Civil War. Its authorship was warmly disputed; but, as is usual in such cases, only one of the claimants had written other verses of equal merit. That was Mrs. Beers, and there is now no further doubt as to the genuineness of her title." The poem had appeared under her name without comment in W. C. Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song" in 1871. Even Southern reference books have usually made cautious statements. "The South in the Building of the Nation," to quote an instance, remarks: "Fontaine claimed the authorship of 'All Quiet along the Potomac,' but his claims seem not to be firmly established"; while C. W. Raines's "Bibliography of Texas" (p. 84) declares: "Mr. F., one of the claimants to the authorship of this celebrated poem, was a man of but little literary ability . . . and a school-teacher of scant qualifications. He has many certificates of respectable men to sustain his claim, but the internal evidence is lacking."

As early as 1869, however, when the controversy between Mrs. Beers and Fontaine was just beginning, the poem was published under Fontaine's name in "The Southern Poems of the War" (collected and arranged by Miss Emily V. Mason, of Virginia) and in "The Southern Amaranth" (by Miss Sallie A. Broek), with notes alluding to the controversy and sustaining Fontaine's claim. In this year, also, James Wood Davidson compiled his "Living Writers of the South," in which he credited the poem to Fontaine, justifying his act by publishing letters from Fontaine and various other Confederate officers. This evidence is strengthened by several other letters in Sam H. Dixon's "Poets and Poetry of Texas" (1885), a quaint old book, long out of circulation. The most interesting of these is a letter from Fontaine, dated June 24, 1885.

Fontaine begins by telling of his friendship with a Mr. Moore, a member of his own company, with whom, "because we were of the same temperament, and exceedingly fond of poetry," he usually contrived to stay, even while on picket duty. On August 2, 1861, he goes on to say, he and Moore were hailed by a Federal picket, who invited them to come half way to exchange papers. Fontaine swam across to the island, "put on one of the overcoats of the guard, and ate a hearty meal, and made arrangements with the entire post that we would not fire at one another while on guard." He then returned to the Confederate lines. "We had to stand on post six hours at a time," he continues. "That night I took my stand at six and Moore retired to rest. . . . As soon as I found that midnight had arrived I stepped to the fire

and threw on some pine knots, and roused Moore to take my place. He rose slowly and gathered his gun and stepped to the fire, stretching himself, as a sleepy soldier will, and gaped and yawned; and while his arms were extended, and his hand grasped the barrel of his gun, there was a flash across the river and the whizz of a bullet, and he sank to the earth, with a hole just above his eye on the left side. . . . Not a word, not a groan escaped him. I removed his remains from near the fire where he had fallen. As I did so my eyes fell on the telegraphic columns of a newspaper, and it was headed 'All Quiet along the Potomac To-night.' And, oh, how truthful it was. . . . When morning dawned the words of that newspaper were burned in my brain—they rang in my ears, and were painted on every scene that met my view. . . . And while I stood and gazed at his marble face and glazed eyes . . . I felt what few mortals ever feel in this shadowy vale. I penned the outlines of the poem then and there, but not as they now appear, for the first were biting and sarcastic. I read the crude copy to Mr. W. W. Williams, and to Graham and Deprist. And Mr. Williams suggested that if I would only make it pathetic, instead of sarcastic, it would be better. I did so, and on the 9th of August I had it complete, as the poem now stands, and I read it to my messmates . . . and gave them copies of the original, and they recopied and sent them home, and soon the whole regiment, brigade, division, and army were in possession of it."

Mrs. Beers claims to have written the poem on a "cool September morning, after reading the stereotyped announcement, 'All Quiet,' etc., to which was added in small type, 'A Picket Shot.'" But it is obvious that Fontaine's account of why *he* wrote the poem is the more plausible and could better explain its deep emotion. In regard to Mrs. Beers, he wrote in the letter mentioned above: "Does it seem possible to a reading public that a woman unacquainted and unused to the scenes and incidents of war should be able to portray so good and so true a picture, and she a thousand miles from the spot? or how a Northern woman could write a poem so truly Southern, when the most intense and bitter animosity existed between the two sections, and a cruel, bloody war was raging at the time? It passes all comprehension. And if she could do such a thing, she would be the most remarkable woman on the face of the earth."

Fontaine, it should be remembered, wrote other poems: his war songs are excellent, notably "Oenone," "Only a Soldier," and "Dying Prisoner at Camp Chase." For these he deserves some attention, even if his claim to "All Quiet along the Potomac" be not recognized. Regardless of who wrote the poem, it is interesting to read J. W. Davidson's dictum that it will be remembered "as long as hostile hosts send sorrow over civilized country—as long as bloody death in distant lands breaks loving hearts at home"; and Dixon's statement: "This poem stands among the finest lyrics of the English language. It made the name of its author familiar to the world. Its popularity does not grow less as time passes. . . . It will be appreciated as long as the memory of battle's fierce con-

flict is retained by man; as long, perhaps, as the cradle owns its infant and the lonely picket walks upon the face of the earth!"

HYDER E. ROLLINS.

University of Texas, Austin, July 8, 1914.

"GROCER-SHOP CRITICISM."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I am one of those who would like to make "excited protests against the very idea of there being such things in criticism as standard weights, standard scales, and competent literary grocers," but Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer offers me a chance to do something better. He explains, in the current issue of "Poetry and Drama," the difference between non-impressionist writing—which is what you defend in your article on "Grocer-Shop Criticism"—and impressionist writing:

"The difference between the description of a grass by the agricultural correspondent of the *Times* newspaper and the description of the same grass by Mr. W. H. Hudson is just the difference—the measure of the difference between the egos of the two gentlemen. The difference between the description of any given book by a sound English reviewer and the description of the same book by some foreigner attempting Impressionist criticism is again merely a matter of the difference in the ego.

"Mind, I am not saying that the non-Impressionist productions may not have their values—their very great values. The Impressionist gives you his own views, expecting you to draw deductions, since presumably you know the sort of chap he is. The agricultural correspondent of the *Times*, on the other hand—and a jolly good writer he is—attempts to give you, not so much his own impressions of a new grass as the factual observations of himself and of as many as possible other sound authorities. He will tell you how many blades of the new grass will grow upon an acre, what height they will attain, what will be a reasonable tonnage to expect when green, when sun-dried in the form of hay or as ensilage. He will tell you the fattening value of the new fodder in its various forms and the nitrogenous value of the manure dropped by the so-fattened beasts. He will provide you, in short, with reading that is quite interesting to the layman, since all facts are interesting to men of good will; and the agriculturist he will provide with information of real value. Mr. Hudson, on the other hand, will give you nothing but the pleasure of coming in contact with his temperament, and I doubt whether, if you read with the greatest care his description of false sea-buckthorn (*hippophæ rhamnoides*) you would very willingly recognize that greenish-gray plant, with the spines and the berries like reddish amber, if you came across it.

"Or again—so at least I was informed by an editor the other day—the business of a sound English reviewer is to make the readers of the paper understand exactly what sort of book it is that the reviewer is writing about. . . . What the sound English reviewer, therefore, has to do is to identify himself with the point of view of as large a number of readers of the journal for which he may be reviewing, as he can easily do, and then to give them as many facts about the book under consideration as his allotted space will hold. To do this he must sacrifice his personality and the greater part of his readability. But he will probably very much help his editor, since the great majority of readers do not want to read anything that any reasonable person would want to read: and they do

not want to come into contact with the personality of the critic, since they have obviously never been introduced to him.

"The ideal critic, on the other hand—as opposed to the so-exemplary reviewer—is a person who can so handle words that from the first three phrases any intelligent person—any foreigner, that is to say, and any one of three inhabitants of these islands—any intelligent person will know at once the sort of chap he is dealing with. Letters of introduction will therefore be unnecessary, and the intelligent reader will know pretty well what sort of book the fellow is writing about because he will know the sort of fellow the fellow is. . . ."

Does not Mr. Hueffer succeed in demonstrating that the difference between the non-impressionist writer and the impressionist writer is the difference between a carpenter and a Sheraton or a Chippendale?

Seriously, I recognize the necessity of the criticism which makes it a business to list, describe, and "place" books: or, as THE DIAL puts it, "to estimate literature, to pass judgment upon it, to register the facts about it in some sort of objective fashion." But that sort of criticism interests me as a reader very little. It is useful—to those who have a use for it. The other sort (the sort that Mr. George Moore has written in his autobiography, that M. Anatole France puts into his novels, even that which Mr. Hueffer has put into his "Memories and Impressions") is interesting—to those who have an interest for it. LAURA TOBEY.

New York City, July 10, 1914.

"HEART OF HEART."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In connection with your remarks about "Temptations to Misquotation" (June 16), under which you refer to Hamlet's "heart of heart," it is perhaps worth recalling that Wordsworth uses "heart of hearts" in the last stanza of his ode, "Intimations of Immortality."

"And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills and Groves,

Forebode not any severing of our loves!

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might."

May not some instances of supposed "misquotation" be really a borrowing from Wordsworth?

Sackville, N. B., July 3, 1914.

W. M. T.

THE USE OF "TEMPEST."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I have just read the article in your issue for May 16 on dialectic English. The word *tempest* recalls the surprise I felt at the beginning of three years' residence on Cape Cod to hear the word used commonly as an exact synonym for thunder-storm.

Persnickety I have been accustomed to use in the sense attached to *perjinkety*, that is, over-fastidious. I do not know how the word was acquired or how common its use is.

WILLIAM H. BOWERS.

Brookings, South Dakota, July 3, 1914.

The New Books.

EDWARD DOWDEN'S MIND AND ART.*

A pleasing self-delineation of the Irish critic and poet whose first book, "Shakespeare, his Mind and Art," made him widely known as a gifted writer and a discerning interpreter of other men's writings, is to be found in the two collections of letters issued under the supervision of his widow and one of his daughters. "Letters of Edward Dowden and His Correspondents" is prefaced with a brief editorial note signed by Mrs. Dowden and Miss Hilda M. Dowden, and with a longer critical and appreciative introduction by Mr. W. K. Magee ("John Eglinton"). "Fragments from Old Letters. E. D. to E. D. W. 1869-1892" is edited by Mrs. Dowden alone, the "E. D. W." referred to on the title page, or, in full, the Elizabeth Dickinson West who became Dowden's second wife in 1895, and who is a daughter of the late Dean of St. Patrick's. The two volumes appeared almost simultaneously, and together constitute one work, the tone of all the letters being predominantly though by no means exclusively literary and critical, often rich in book-learning, and always kindly and, as one instinctively feels, agreeably characteristic of the writer. This, of course, applies to the letters from Dowden, which make up all one volume and the greater part of the other.

There is something rather touching and wholly ingratiating in Dowden's lifelong desire to give the best expression of himself in poetry of his own rather than, as he was destined to do, in appraising and interpreting the poetry of others. In his college days at Dublin University he won, among other honors, the vice-chancellor's prize for both English verse and prose, and the little book of poems he published at the age of thirty-one was so far successful as to go into a second edition. But if he did not win immortal fame as a poet, it was the poet in him that helped to make him one of the soundest and most stimulating of critics and one of the most enjoyable of essayists. As Mr. Magee says of him in the preface already referred to,—

"The poet in Dowden was the secret of his personal distinction; it was the secret also of that strange humility of his, for he hardly valued himself at all on the possession of those faculties for which the world in his case found most use: his aptitude for mere book-learning, for instance, of which he says in his letters, 'Somehow I have

acquired a lot of wholly useless knowledge and can't get rid of it.' The creative faculty was what he valued; and his instinct for recognising it, which enabled him to contribute to literature so large a body of most helpful criticism, was derived from the poet in himself."

Continuing his comment, the writer speaks of the artistic detachment, the objectivity, the lack of the personal element and of expressions of personal preference in Dowden's work as a literary critic; and he likens his method to that of Sainte-Beuve in French criticism, ascribing to him the highest credit for his interpretation of Shakespeare. Then, in a passage that excellently characterizes the correspondence here under review, he adds:

"It is this missing personal element in his writings which the present collection of letters comes to supply; and the mere fact that so many of his correspondents, from his earliest years, preserved his letters, is already a sort of credential of their interest and value. The writing of letters was at all times with him one of his principal relaxations. He seemed always ready for it, and wherever he happened to be—in the Examination Hall of Trinity College, or lying out on the grass, or in the midst of his family—he would pull out his fountain-pen, and in that beautiful handwriting welcomed by his correspondents all over the world, would give the piece of advice solicited, find what he could say in praise of some MS., supply a fact in literary history, or gossip about himself, his literary, professorial, political activities, with the same blending of irony and sympathy with which he looked on at life and the world. It was almost his chosen mode of intercourse with his friends, as he admits playfully to the friend to whom he wrote his best letters: 'It is satisfactory to be at writing distance. It is only now and then I am friendly to you in bodily presence. However, you are aware that under my talk of the weather there is something more real. But on paper I can even talk of "two new points in Hamlet's soul" (much better than the weather).' The personality which presents itself in these letters is that almost of a saint of culture: a saint, however, not lost to humanity, nor whom celestial diet has spoiled for human nature's daily food; for they are a record of a life passed with the great personalities of literature."

The preface here quoted from is a little confusing and self-contradictory in professing to find in Dowden's critical work, which in a general way includes all his prose work, "an entire elimination of his own personality," and in asserting at the end that "his contribution to Irish literature was perhaps the greatest he could have made, a personality." It was in keeping with this very impersonality of his that he could humorously call himself "a half-breed Irishman" and one endowed "with none of the instincts of Irish nationality." He refused to join in the Irish literary movement that vainly sought his support in

* LETTERS OF EDWARD DOWDEN AND HIS CORRESPONDENTS. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
FRAGMENTS FROM OLD LETTERS. E. D. to E. D. W. 1869-1892. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

the early nineties; his interest was in a larger literary movement, and it is this very breadth of literary sympathy that has given him so wide an influence in the world of letters.

And now for a few illustrative extracts from the correspondence itself. Here is one that combines the intimate and personal with the literary and critical in a delightful manner. It is from a letter written in the country to Mr. Magee; the date, August 12, 1895.

"If you are, as I suppose, gone away for your holiday, I hope you have better weather than ours. It has resulted for me in a stupefying dose of reading. I am just now finishing a long poem by Mr. Milton called 'Paradise Lost,' which I am sure you have heard of, perhaps read. Mark Pattison deprecates Milton's prostitution in pamphlet writing. I confess I sometimes turn from the addresses of the Almighty to his Son, and *vice versa*, with some satisfaction to the rages and arguments on divorce and king-killing and prelate-harrying; and I like to see how the poet behaved in the stress of the realities of his day."

Writing in term time from Dublin to Edmund Gosse, Dowden gives a glimpse of himself in the class-room. He is at his epistolary best in such light and humorous passages as this:

"Last Friday I went into my class-room with a delightful new lecture copied out of a certain new volume by E. G., which lecture I purposed to deliver with a critical air and an impressive aspect of original investigation, as the lecturer's own. Imagine my disgust when I saw 'Seventeenth Century Studies' already in the hands of one of my students. I made a vain attempt to turn him out of my class-room: for breach of discipline. Then I humbled myself and said, 'I will now read some extracts from a charming essay on Herriek, by Mr. Gosse, which I am proud to see is already known to members of my class.' The young offender felt touched by this, and did not mention the fact that I read nearly the whole essay."

Dowden's long friendship with the woman whom, three years after the death of his first wife, he married, and by whom the last years of his life were cheered, is commemorated in the smaller of the two volumes here under notice. The letters begin in the spring of 1869, and end in the autumn of 1892. The marriage, after which the two "were never a day apart until April 3, 1913," took place in December of 1895. To judge from the letters and parts of letters published, it was chiefly what may be called a literary and intellectual friendship that finally took on a warmer glow and ended in matrimony; and it is because the letters are devoted so largely to the writer's studies and literary diversions that they are of sufficient general interest to be made public. Here is a part of one written in 1874, when the writer was nearing the end of his thirty-first year.

"I do n't know what my lecture on the 'Humour of Shakespeare' will turn out, except that I have no intention of being funny. I conjecture beforehand that not only a man's laughter is significant, but the *history* of his laughter, and I think if I arrange Shakespeare's plays in chronological order, and ask what Shakespeare laughed at from 26 to 46, something ought to be discoverable. The wit of the early comedies is something very remote from the sublime and pathetic grotesque of Lear's fool. . . . As to Shakespeare's humour, I think there is a temporary and a permanent element (permanent at least as long as we have the sense of humour) in it. I have — rarely — laughed aloud when reading Shakespeare, but not so much at anything exactly humorous as at something else, probably sympathy with Shakespeare's delight in inventing anything so much after his own heart. I think in heaven we shall have something corresponding to humour, the relative will still remain, and perhaps the highest heroisms we can now conceive will appear then like the efforts of a baby to think or speak or move, and as we smile with a half pleased, half tender, and wholly loving feeling at the upward tendings of a baby, so we shall have a tender, half-amused joy in the striving after right of souls in their childhood, and we shall afford the same recreation to the Greater Spirits who are above ourselves."

The poetic gift of his correspondent quickened the interest Dowden evidently felt in her from the first. He gives her useful advice about writing and publishing, and from time to time commends her work in prose and verse. Referring to her literary manner, he says, in a passage that no one who plies a pen will fail to enjoy:

"As to what I said of style I mean not that you have applied the manipulative dexterities of a craftsman to your sentences — but that you see and feel what ought to be done, and do it; and one gets the pleasure from such writing that one gets from the swift work of an artist who tells a truth with every touch. The manipulative dexterities I am far from despising."

This mention of "the manipulative dexterities" recalls what a reviewer in "The Spectator" said of Dowden's style upon the appearance of his "Transcripts and Studies." In a criticism of the book the writer was of opinion that "occasionally Mr. Dowden allows the wealth of decorative language of which he is a master to get the better of him and serve as a substitute for thought; but this is not often, and for the most part his criticism is as thoughtful as it is happily expressed."

Happily expressed thoughts abound in these collections of letters; and though all parts are not equally interesting to all readers, no reader who feels moved to open the volumes should fail to find much matter suited to his tastes, and none that is utterly devoid of savor. Portraits, views, and facsimiles are included.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

ENGLISH DRAMA OF THE 17TH AND 18TH CENTURIES.*

With all the attention which colleges have given in the past few years to dramatic studies, it is strange that no serious history of the English drama of the last two centuries should have appeared. Dr. Ward's standard work carries the story only to the death of Queen Anne; Professor Schelling confines himself to the Elizabethan period. Professor Nettleton's "English Drama of the Restoration and Eighteenth Century" is intended to supply this lack in part; and a sequel which will deal with the nineteenth century is promised.

The present study is dedicated to Dr. Ward, and has had the benefit of his advice and suggestions. For the sake of completeness and continuity, Professor Nettleton has wisely included the Restoration, and has given a résumé of the scattering dramatic activities of the Puritan period. The volume ends with a discussion of Sheridan. Considering the difficulties of the task and the rather narrow limits of space, the book is in many respects excellent. It is based on a thorough study of the plays; it is logically planned and well proportioned; in statement of fact it is cautious and so far as it has been tested accurate. Its literary judgments, if a trifle conventional, are generally sound. The history is carefully integrated, every writer being considered with reference to his predecessors and his followers. Thus, for instance, we are made to see how the origin of sentimental comedy may be traced to the sentimentalized tragedy of Otway and Southerne; or more specifically, how Goldsmith and Sheridan took hints for their great comedies from Wycherley, Farquhar, Steele, and Foote. There is a good, though rather scanty, working bibliography, and a fairly satisfactory index.

The chief faults are sins of omission. Professor Nettleton pays astonishingly little attention to stage conditions and dramatic technique. The differences between the Elizabethan theatre and that of the Restoration are stated only briefly; the evolution of the Restoration stage into the modern stage is entirely ignored. The word "stage" does not appear in the index; the word "theatre" appears only with reference to Drury Lane. In the chapters on the Garrick era especially we feel the need of some account of the rival theatres and companies; and indeed the value of the whole book would be greatly increased by a brief chronological view of the theatres

and their history. In the same way the development of dramatic technique is almost ignored, except in so far as it is connected with the controversy about the rules. We get only a hint of the decisive influence of new stage conditions on technique. So simple a matter as the introduction of the curtain, for instance, had an important effect upon the construction of plays. The author's *naïveté* in this whole matter may be suggested by a single sentence. "Like Goldsmith," he says, "Sheridan prefers 'expectation' to 'surprise' as a dramatic motive." Yes; and he might have added, like Sophocles, like Shakespeare, and like every other dramatist who knew his business.

Aside from these capital omissions, the chief weakness of the book is an occasional woodenness or vagueness of style. Certain mechanical tricks, such as the constant qualification of a sentence by its successor beginning with "yet," become distinctly annoying. As to vagueness, just what does this mean? "*The Law against Lovers* (1662) blends with the darker tones of *Measure for Measure* the lively accents of Benedick and Beatrice." Or what degree of indebtedness is implied in the remark that "*The Parson's Wedding*" "drew from Calderon"? But these are minor defects. Some day, it is to be hoped, Professor Nettleton may enlarge his book and give adequate treatment to the parts of the subject which he has slighted; meanwhile we must be grateful to him for a good working text, invaluable to students of the period.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

MAN'S ORIGINAL MENTAL EQUIPMENT.

"The Original Nature of Man" is the first volume of a trilogy by Mr. Edward L. Thorndike, professor of educational psychology at Columbia. It "describes man's original mental equipment—the inherited foundations of intellect, morals, and skill." Of its mates, "*The Psychology of Learning*," which is the second, has still to be written; while the third, on "*Individual Differences and their Causes*," was printed as long ago as 1903, under the title, "*Educational Psychology*." The purpose of this trilogy is to offer "a systematic account of present knowledge of the dynamics of human nature and behavior," not, however, for the sake of knowledge, but for the sake of the improvement of mankind. Mr. Thorndike appears as a sort of American Socrates, applying the methods of the

* ENGLISH DRAMA OF THE RESTORATION AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURY (1642-1790). By George Henry Nettleton. New York: The Macmillan Co.

* THE ORIGINAL NATURE OF MAN. By Edward L. Thorndike. "Educational Psychology." New York: Teachers College, Columbia University.

"science" of psychology, in obedience to the maxim "Know thyself." His conclusion is no less Socratic—and triumphantly commonplace. There is a higher and a lower in human nature. For happiness and civilization it is necessary that the lower shall be controlled by the higher. The instrument of control is education. Plato said the same thing, not less eloquently, if more gracefully and convincingly, in the "Republic" and elsewhere. But he wasn't so sure as Mr. Thorndike that the thing could be done: the American parts company with the Greek in his optimism. Mr. Thorndike's tone, indeed, makes his book completely national. If psychology can be American, his is American psychology.

Notwithstanding, he says in his easy, breezy, sometimes staccato manner, many striking and important things, which are not the less worth repeating because they are the immemorial wisdom of the fathers gaberlined in the slang of a latter-day science. Instead of a tripartite morally qualified soul, original nature is now conceived as a multiform congeries of functions—"a name for the nature of the combined germ-cells from which man springs"—"what is common to all men *minus* all adaptations to tools, houses, clothes, furniture, words, beliefs, religions, law, science, the arts, and to whatever in other men's behavior is due to adaptations to it. . . . Consider the intellectual and moral equipment of the monkeys. Add to it certain important social instincts, notably those connected with the more refined facial expressions and the approval-disapproval series. Increase in intensity and breadth the satisfyingness of mental life for its own sake, widen the repertory of movements to include human facial expressions, finger and thumb play and articulate babble, enrich the fund of indifferent possibilities of secondary connections and give them the tendency to piecemeal action in very fine detail. The result will be substantially the original nature of man."

This "original nature" Mr. Thorndike renders concrete and specific by means of a descriptive inventory of instincts and capacities. Their origin is "original nature." Its improvement depends on the elimination of the worse, not on their reformation. Containing within itself a principle of change, "the circumstances of the life led by modern man metamorphose almost every original tendency into habits which are much unlike it—even directly contrary to it." This is education—"fostering the good elements of original nature and encouraging their fertility, and debarring the worse elements from reproduction or eliminating them outright." The instruments of this education are satisfaction and discomfort. These are infallible. Left to itself, original nature would run amuck.

"The original tendencies of man have not been right, are not right, and probably never will be right. By them alone few of the best wants in human life would have been felt, and fewer still satisfied. Nor would the crude, conflicting perilous wants which original nature so largely represents and serves, have had much more fulfillment. Original nature has achieved what goodness the world knows as a state achieves order, by killing, confining and reforming some of its elements. It progresses, not by *laissez faire*, but by changing the environment in which it operates and by renewingly changing itself in each generation. Man is now as civilized, rational, and humane as he is because man in the past has changed things into shapes more satisfying, and changed parts of his own nature into traits more satisfying, to man as a whole. Man is thus eternally altering himself to suit himself. His nature is not right in his own eyes. Only one thing in it, indeed is unreservedly good, the power to make it better. This power, the power of leaning or modification in favor of the satisfying, the capacity represented by the law of effect, is the essential principle of reason or right in the world."

Familiar doctrine, age-old wisdom! But Mr. Thorndike does a great service to state it anew, and so freshly, as an offering to just those folk among whom pedantry is most prevalent and vision most needed, the Laputan professors who are making a mess of the youth of the land with their "science" of "education" and "pedagogy." Written ostensibly for these, the book must by virtue of its robustious optimism no less than its sanity and fluency perforce appeal to all cultivated readers.

HORACE M. KALLEN.

A GALLERY OF CONFEDERATE PORTRAITS.*

One of the curious things in recent historical writing is the amount of time and energy that Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, a northern man, has given to Confederate history. But there is nothing strange in the fact that any man, living anywhere, should think General Lee worthy of study; and perhaps it was his profound study of this man which led Mr. Bradford to draw the portraits of the lesser lights by which Lee was surrounded. Eight men are considered in Mr. Bradford's new volume of "Confederate Portraits," beginning with Joseph E. Johnston and ending with Raphael Semmes.

These papers, which first appeared as magazine articles, are not mere sketches, nor are they condensed biographies. They are exactly what the title of the book suggests,—pen pic-

* CONFEDERATE PORTRAITS. By Gamaliel Bradford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

tures, character sketches. When a man is able to draw a living picture out of material gathered largely from the Rebellion records it is evidence of more than ordinary ability at portraiture; and the knowledge that such was the source of much of Mr. Bradford's material should incline us the more readily to accept the portraits as genuine. Verisimilitude is stamped upon every sketch, regardless of the copious citations of sources. They are all sympathetic, yet pitiless.

In nearly all the men dealt with here the elements were mixed. Johnston was straightforward, absolutely honest and upright, courageous beyond question, yet simple and demonstrative, even to the point of kissing his male friends. He loved his men and was loved by them. His great failing was that while he could see all the mistakes of Davis, Lee, Jackson, and the rest, he could see none of his own. Stuart figures here as a man of laughter. Light-hearted and gay and rollicking, he was yet a very Puritan in morals, devoted to duty and capable in the performance thereof. Withal he was, says Sedgwick, "the greatest cavalry officer ever foaled in America."

Longstreet was no less able and brave than Johnston; but he was hard-headed, even stolid, seeking to impose his own personality upon everybody else. With supreme trust in himself, he trusted no one else. No more striking contrast is presented by Mr. Bradford than when he says that Longstreet was always able to give a good reason for not arriving in time, but Jackson, when at his best, arrived in time in spite of good reasons. Blamed by many for the failure at Gettysburg, Longstreet was determined not to bear the blame himself. Perhaps the cleverest bit of shifting in this matter Mr. Bradford has failed to mention. Years afterwards, when Lee was dead, Longstreet said that Lee was to blame,—that Lee himself had said so and that Lee was too honorable a man to tell an untruth. After the war Longstreet became a Republican,—that is, to the Southerner, a scoundrel. For this the South never quite forgave him; but he never wavered, and always manifested charity for those who had none for him.

Beauregard's name betrays the Gallic blood. His head fairly boiled with ideas, some of them really good. Had they been followed, the Confederacy would have won,—so thought Beauregard. Unfortunately this idea became an obsession with him; it was a malady that attacked some others also. But the man had fine traits; no one who had not could have so won and kept the devotion of his soldiers.

Benjamin's patriotism has been a matter of dispute. If Mr. Bradford had contented him-

self with saying that "it is utterly unjust to deny that his patriotism was genuine or that he gave his very best sincerely," the reviewer would be forced to take issue with him. But the author saves himself, at least in part, by qualifying clauses,—"in his way," "as deeply as he could feel," etc. Danton, the Frenchman, when urged to flee for safety, replied that he did not carry his country on the soles of his feet. It seems that Benjamin did carry his country thus. Lee, Davis, Stephens, and thousands of others whose courage and devotion Benjamin spoke of with admiration might submit, but he would never be taken alive. They might remain to bind up the wounds of the broken-hearted and build again on the ruins of their country, but not so Benjamin, who fled to England and forgot all about the South. Had a man of foreign birth been the only one who thought more of himself than of his country, the story would not be so bad. But Pryor, Wise, and others forsook the country they had helped to plunge into woe and went to dwell in the North.

Not so the gentle, large-hearted Stephens and the fiery Toombs,—two men very unlike, yet both extremely devoted. Toombs did indeed flee when everyone was seeking personal safety; but he never forgot his country, and he returned to do her good service. In both men we find a curious mixture of aristocracy and democracy. When the fight against the railroads and other powerful corporations had barely begun, Toombs was in the forefront of the fight and foresaw "starving millions of our posterity" robbed and given over to the keeping of these corporations. "The right to control these railroads belongs to the State, to the people," said he, "and as long as I represent the people, I will not relinquish it, so help me God." At the same time he favored giving over the people to the keeping of judges not subject to popular election or any sort of control. But the greatest contradictions are found in Stephens. Frail of body, practically all heart and intellect, he was easily touched by suffering and ever ready to relieve it,—so much so as to win a slave's simple eulogy: "He is kind to folks that nobody else will be kind to. Mars Alex is kinder to dogs than most folks is to folks." After this one is shocked to think that he would have made human slavery, wherein the many toil for the few, the cornerstone of the new government he was seeking to establish. He was a man of intellect, yet that intellect stopped just short of the profound. It is easy enough now for the mediocre mind, reading backward, to see that slavery was already doomed in 1860. Some mediocre minds saw it then. That a man of Stephens's goodness

of heart and strength of intellect could not see it is one of the anomalies of the nineteenth century.

If Mr. Bradford's book should enjoy a wide reading in the South, it will serve a useful purpose there, as clothing with flesh and blood names which the mass of the people now know little about other than that they stand for half deified heroes whom it is more pious to worship than to suspect. The Northern man, also, may read of these Americans with profit. The last paragraph of the book is a bit of sermonizing well worth quoting:

"Meade and Lee, Hancock and Longstreet, Reynolds and Pickett, even more, the common soldiers, North and South both, were all Americans, all ours, ours to praise, ours to be proud of, ours to learn from. The inheritance of their courage, their sacrifice, their loyalty to high ideals is one of which no country can ever hear too much. And if the tradition of these great souls brings with it glory, it brings duty with it also. We are not called upon to go out and fight in arms as they did, but there is plenty of fighting left. The danger to a republic from open war is great. The danger from self-indulgence, from pampered living, from the spirit of letting others do things, is even greater. I am ready to believe that at a sudden call to duty our automobiling, dancing, money-getting youth would respond as did those of '61, drop their play, and go out to defend a Cemetery Hill. But I wish we could make them remember that even in common, humdrum, daily life every man has his Gettysburg sooner or later. Let him fight it and win it, so that his little republic—for of such is made the great Republic—shall be forever triumphant and free."

DAVID Y. THOMAS.

RECENT FICTION.*

This is, I am told, the season of "hammock fiction." I should have said of dull fiction. For it is a curious notion that the least interesting fiction should be the sort best able to compete with the temptation to lie in a hammock. And for that matter the temptation which summer offers nowadays—among the novel-reading classes—is not the hammock but its opposite. One is in danger of playing too many rounds of golf, or of staying too long in the water, or of being blistered (rather

than browned) by the sun, but one must be a very independent person indeed to be in danger of spending too much of one's time in a hammock. The custom of our society does not permit of it. Yet "hammock fiction" is not designed for independent, custom-smashing persons. No. Hammocks and fiction have no relation to each other. Either fiction is so interesting that one reads it anywhere and anyhow, even when people come to call, or it is too dull to keep one from going to sleep in a hammock. But this brings me back to the belief that "light" fiction is more interesting than "heavy" fiction, to the Tired Giant theory of the novel, of which Mr. Wells speaks, and its brother, the Tired Business Man theory of the stage, of which everybody speaks, or, until recently, did everlastingly speak. As if Mr. Martin Andersen Nexö's "Pelle the Conqueror," which is heavy fiction about a boy in Denmark, were less interesting than Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," which is light fiction about a girl in America! The division of fiction into light and heavy is utterly misleading. It would be much more to the point to divide it into sweet and salt. That is sweet which is capable of being appreciated by girls with their hair down their backs or the boys who count on being freshmen next October; and, too often, by their fathers and mothers. Since a tooth for sweets is hardly more a trait of adolescence than of maturity. That is salt which, while it often mightily offends those who like the sweet, is capable of interesting immensely those of a robust fibre. Art has something to do with it, of course; sometimes it plays hob with my so-simple classification, bringing the robust reader to the sweet kind of thing, and vice versa. But mostly art is on the side of the salt just as readers are mostly born to read either the sweet or the salt; and no power of example and no amount of training can change them. All hammock fiction is sweet: the problems of conduct presented are never real; the moral values are never sharply defined; and the ending is happy. But I would not say that all sweet fiction is intellectually disreputable. The six novels below are chiefly sweet, and yet, for one reason and another, they are to be considered.

The Baroness von Hutten will be remembered as the writer whose "Pam" and "Pam Decides" so excited the young person of eight or ten years ago. Pam was the sort of girl who, when a caller asked for Mrs. So-and-So, calmly replied: "I'm sure you mean my mother. She's Miss So-and-So," as, indeed, she was. The heroine of the present novel is not as wicked as Pam's mother. Maria fell

* MARIA. By Bettina von Hutten. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
BROKEN MUSIC. By Phyllis Bottome. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.
FLOREAN MAYR. By Ernst von Wolzogen. Translated by Edward Breck and Charles Harvey Genung. New York: E. W. Huebsch.
THE TREND. By William Arkwright. New York: John Lane Co.
FAITH TREHLON. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Co.
THE DUCHESS OF WREXLE. By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Co.

desperately in love with a person of high degree who was already married. There were extenuating circumstances. For one thing the man's wife did not love him; she had married him, as he had her, for reasons of state or politics or whatever the reasons are that control the matrimonial adventures of kings and queens. Maria was a singer, and alone in the world. Her only complaint of life was that her singing, though wonderful, lacked the specific and marvellous "something" which singing ought to have. Any one who has read novels about women with the capacity to sing understands at once, which saves the Baroness von Hutten a deal of trouble. In the end, though only at the very end, Maria turns back from the railway train by which she has planned to join her lover. The sorrow of giving him up does the trick; henceforth her voice is divine. This is, perhaps, an unfair summary of a novel that is undeniably amusing. But is it not sweet?

Miss Phyllis Bottome (if it is Miss) starts off almost in the salty vein. The curé, being at the house of a Miss Prenderghast, thought to himself: "English ladies can have no temptations: That is why they are protestants." But this sort of thing proves to be only a pocket. Jean, the musician, is in love with Gabrielle and Margot is in love with Jean. The result is that Jean, discovering that Gabrielle is an adventuress with a past, is broken-hearted enough to produce music—even if it is broken music—and Margot sings her heart out to the delight of her compatriots. There is ease here, and cleverness, but only in the use of a formula already well-worked.

The hero of the Baron von Wolzogen's musical novel, "Florian Mayr," is a genuine artist and a favorite pupil of Liszt. It is said, by persons who ought to know (as well as by Mr. James Huneker), that the portrait of Liszt is the best one extant. But whether or not the drawing is accurate to the life, the figure is a striking one. It is astounding to find this German novelist working in so much feeling with so little sentimentalism; so much respect for the artist with so keen a humor. Those writers who make a religion of baiting the bourgeoisie are usually unequal to the task of justifying the artist. But von Wolzogen is never shrill; he is sturdy; he is, in the slang of the day, "human."

The hero of "The Trend" is hardly human. Mr. Arkwright confesses as much in a foreword. He says of his characters: "I think that all of them will be fairly intelligible to a thoughtful reader—except perhaps William Soulsby, and him I do not myself pretend

to understand. His sufferings like his devotion are of course patent . . . but, after all, was he one of us?" This trick—for it is hardly less—is not an engaging one. The reader will feel like assuring Mr. Arkwright that it is his business to understand his chief character and to make us understand. Otherwise, why write? But Mr. Arkwright's novel holds up better than his William Soulsby. If we doubt the existence of a street waif with a voice like a horn from heaven, who creates the rôle in a new opera and dies as he sings the last note, we cannot doubt the Tasmanian wife of the rather pedantic old family friend from Australia. And Bob, who discovers William, is decidedly pleasant. There is almost as much salt as sugar here, but the writing is too formal for contemporary taste. Most readers will find it stilted and some will be utterly put out to find a lecture on style, several pages of it, toward the end.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts's new novel is not of Dartmoor but of Devon, and not of the present but of a hundred years ago, when smuggling was almost as lively a trade as privateering. The girl whose name serves as a title, Faith Tresilion, is a fine, brave creature who effects a desperate rescue in a small boat while under fire. She was not at all, as the sentimental innkeeper, Mr. Sidebottom, explains, "what one expects from an unmarried girl." Perhaps Faith owed a good deal to her mother, who was bedridden, but who said of herself: "owing to my character and the brains in my head and my great power of language I count for twice as much as a lot of other every-day females that have the use of their legs." Mr. Phillpotts is an honest craftsman, if not an inspired one, whose novels are neither salt nor sweet.

Mr. Hugh Walpole has now for some time been groomed for a place alongside Mr. Wells, or at least Mr. Bennett. But "The Duchess of Wrexhe" will hardly put him there, even if it has interested Mr. Henry James to write about it. Mr. Walpole's skill, and his serious conception of his task, which are what recommend him to Mr. James, are beyond question. But a novel which offers to study a society must stand rather firmly where conduct is concerned and that whether it is as satirical as Herr Arthur Schnitzler or as pontifical as Mr. Winston Churchill. Mr. Walpole's duchess is too interesting a figure to omit; the powerful ones of the Victorian manner and tradition have still an interest for us even though we think we have ceased to respect them. But Mr. Walpole's Rachel, who occupies as much of his interest as, and more of his space than, the duchess, needs more explaining than he has given her. It

is possible that a young woman of parts, having married a stupid man and fallen in love with a man whose dreams are as "pagan" as her own, would learn to love her husband. But it is difficult to understand why Mr. Walpole regards the whole affair with so much complacency. He has not seen this thing sharply, either morally or psychologically. He has slurred its values. He has been sweet when he might have been salt.

LUCIAN CARY.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Love of mankind
versus
love of country.*

Closely connected with the main theme of Mr. Galsworthy's latest play, "The Mob" (Scribner), is the world-old question, whose interest ever endures, What is a man who holds a faith with all his heart to do? The protagonist, Stephen More, Under Secretary of State and member of Parliament, is opposed to the war upon which his country is entering. Firm in his convictions that little nations have a right to live, that the annexation, which with victory becomes inevitable, is depriving the enemy—a wild, lawless race—of a freedom that they cherish above all things, and that "as we are tender of our own land, so we should be of the lands of others," he raises his voice in the House, in the name of Justice and Civilization. With clear vision he places a message "from the great heart of mankind" over and above the well-worn slogan, "my country, right or wrong." War has broken out even while he speaks, and everywhere his lone opposition is declared as folly, a bit of "moon-summer madness." All rise against him: his father-in-law, who has done service in the War Department until his hairs are gray; his three brothers-in-law who are on the field; his political associates who taunt him that little nations are his hobby and warn him that by his act he foregoes his chance to sit in the Cabinet; his friends who get entangled in their feelings and the conventions and yet, representing general sentiment, obey the strongest common instinct in the world, love of country; his dark-eyed little Olive who begs her father to be on their side; Katherine, who deserts him because she feels too unheroic to remain his wife after she has implored him to come down to her level; and, finally, the hooting mob that hounds him to his death. Throughout it all he remained firm. Greater to him than the divine right of country was the divine right of mankind. With the consummate irony of which Mr. Galsworthy is a master comes the "aftermath" at the very end: A statue is erected

"To the Memory of Stephen More, 'Faithful to His Ideal.'" Equally ironical is the suggestion which prevails in the whole play, that the mob-spirit dominates each individual, thinking separately, fully as much as it does the gay, unthinking revellers. It is a vivid presentation of what happens, and what has happened since history began, when men (like the element which gives the play its name), as one of the characters says, "just feel something big and religious, and go it blind."

*A history
of Vassar.*

"Before Vassar Opened" (Houghton Mifflin) is an authoritative volume by Doctor James M. Taylor, who has only recently retired from the presidency of Vassar College, after a long term of service. This contribution to the history of the higher education of women in America will appeal to all college women and, also, to that large circle of readers who are thoughtfully considering educational problems. The opening chapters sketch very rapidly the history of the higher institutions open to women in the South and in the North during the years before Vassar was founded. Without undue emphasis upon the hardships, Dr. Taylor pictures vividly enough the poverty in things material, and the wealth in aspiration and ideals characteristic of those early days when, as at Oberlin Collegiate Institute, "most of the ladies paid for their (weekly) board by their labor, 75 cents for vegetable diet only, 87½ cents with animal food once a day." Stirring, indeed, are these records of the ways in which American women struggled for the privileges of a liberal education. The rest of the book is devoted to the history of Vassar. Matthew Vassar, English by birth, was a brewer in Poughkeepsie who amassed a fortune of \$800,000. Shrewd, practical, self-educated, deeply religious, he desired that his wealth should serve some high purpose, and through his niece, Lydia Booth, head of a seminary in Poughkeepsie, and through Doctor Milo P. Jewett, a man of education and of wide experience, who purchased Miss Booth's school, Matthew Vassar was led to found a college for women. There are many minor details given regarding the preliminary stages, and some very unimportant aspects of the many conferences are unnecessarily accentuated, but on the whole, the account of the foundation is absorbing reading. Of keenest interest are the passages that set forth the policy and the academic ideals of Dr. Jewett, the first president, and of Dr. Raymond, his successor. The narrative pauses with the death of Matthew Vassar in 1868, when the college was well-

established and already recognized as a potent influence in the educational life of America. All those who know how high a standard of scholarship has been maintained by Vassar will welcome an introduction to the days when those standards were being discussed and defined.

*Four years of
adventure in
many lands.*

With a burning desire to see the world, and also with plenty of British pluck and tenacity, Mr. A. Loton Ridger, at the age of twenty-one, took passage on a tramp steamer for San Francisco by way of the Straits of Magellan (not "round the Horn," as he at first says), and for the next six years, with little interruption, he was extending his knowledge of geography in both hemispheres, until at last he became well qualified for membership in the Royal Geographical Society and now appends the initials, F. R. G. S., to his name on the title-page of his book, "A Wanderer's Trail" (Holt). Both Americas, from Alaska to Patagonia, eastern and southern Asia, and various parts of Africa were visited by him; and his study of native manners and customs was the more thorough from the necessity he was under of working his way at every step. Playing a minor part in a Seattle theatre, working in a lumber camp and elsewhere in the great Northwest, teaching English in a Tokio school, mining in the Rand, engaging in journalism in China—thus and in a hundred other ways he contrived to keep himself from destitution and to provide the wherewithal for such travelling expenses as were not defrayed by working his way on shipboard in any subordinate position he could secure. Admirable are the adaptability and tact and resourcefulness displayed by this Englishman, who wisely determined at the outset not to wear the stamp of his nationality as the most obvious item of his outward appearance. He does not hesitate to ridicule and censure those ultra-British qualities that might, in another, have made shipwreck of such an undertaking as he had in hand; and in commenting on certain educational defects of the average Englishman's he goes so far as to say, "We egregious English know more about football than the intricacies of our language."

*An Italian
student of
criminology.*

Once more the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology has made a wise selection of a classic book for its series of translations. "Criminology" (Little, Brown), which Mr. R. W. Millar has translated, is by Baron Raffaele Garofalo. This distinguished jurist of Italy has long been an in-

stigitor of thought and his authority fortifies the most essential conclusions of American reformers. He dismisses the juristic tradition that punishment is a measured evil corresponding to the degree of guilt (which may be fixed in advance), and substitutes the definition that it ought to be a means calculated to effect the cessation of the criminal's harmfulness to society. The true notion of crime is not legal but sociological, and many offences are contraventions of useful rules of conduct without revealing a character dangerous to the common welfare. By real or "natural" crime the author means "those acts which no civilized society can refuse to recognize as criminal and repress by means of punishment." The persons who commit "natural" crimes are classified as murderers, violent criminals, criminals deficient in probity, and lascivious criminals; and for each group the author proposes a suitable method of elimination or repression. Among the debatable proposals of the book are: capital punishment of all who are convicted of murder; deportation of certain offenders; and the abolition of the jury system and of all pardons and amnesties. The author has more faith in the prognosis of criminal psychology and less faith in reformatory education than we have in America, and he has no confidence whatever in juries representing the people. On this point he seems to think of justice as a royal gift. "That a people is not capable of administering justice is no reason for depriving it of justice. Whether deserving it or not, it should have justice imposed upon it . . . What is needed to overcome its barbarous customs is not a jury, but judges who do not represent this people." This language would make most Americans cling more strongly to the institution of the jury, with all its glaring faults. On the whole the work here noticed is one of the most instructive and stimulating contributions to the study of crime and punishment, quite indispensable to the student of the subject.

*The art of
Homer Martin.*

The "Fifty-eight Paintings by Homer Martin" described by Dana H. Carroll (F. F. Sherman) is a necessary complement to Mr. Mather's recent monograph on the painter. Like the books on Inness published in the same form and by the same publisher, these two books differ in plan and scope. Mr. Mather gives a study of the painter's life and art, illustrated by a few of his most characteristic pictures. Mr. Carroll on the other hand gives us independent descriptions of a great number of the artist's paintings, not including those in the other volume. He offers, there-

fore, a great opportunity to the student, for only a few of Homer Martin's pictures are to be seen in the great galleries, a few are accessible in clubs, while by far the greater number are in private collections. So the volume gives something which cannot otherwise be attained without great difficulty if at all. Where a book offers so much of value it is not ungracious to find minor fault. We do not gain from the editor any comprehensive idea of the paintings of which he writes. He has chosen to present them in an order of which we do not grasp the significance, neither chronological so as to give an idea of the artist's development, nor according to subject. Of course in such a collection the pictures themselves offer us much, however ordered and arranged. The lover of painting will want to appreciate the work of the painter for himself, and doubtless many will be helped by Mr. Carroll's descriptions. Homer Martin was so distinguished an artist and so little really known save to a few that we rejoice at this opportunity to know him better. No one else has felt the romance of American landscape just as he did. He was not less impressed by its grandeur than was Cole and he rendered it not less truly than Durand. But the grandeur that he saw was truer than that of Cole, and his truth was on a larger scale than the fidelity of Durand. Others had much the same gifts, or greater than those early masters, Church for instance or Bierstadt. But no other painter has seen nature as did Homer Martin, or if he did, he did not so render her.

The color and atmosphere of North Africa.

The African impressions of a poet and dreamer and seer of visions are recorded with wealth of imagery and graces of rhetoric in Professor George E. Woodberry's "North Africa and the Desert" (Scribner). Its sub-title, "Scenes and Moods," well indicates the book's character, which is not unlike that of Mr. Robert Hichens's word-paintings of Mediterranean lands, a kind of artistry that, of course, owes far more of its charm and magic to the particular way in which things are seen than to the things themselves—if indeed there be any such entity as "things in themselves." The successive chapters treat of experiences and observations and reflections in Tunis, Tlemcen, Figuig, Tougourt, Djerba, and Tripoli; of "scenes and visions" in the Sahara Desert; and of meditations indulged in, over pipe and coffee, "on the mat," in a small oasis village of the Zibans. In his opening pages the author thus takes the reader into his confidence: "Tunis is the gateway by

which I entered this world—the new world of France, the old world of the desert. It was almost an accident of travel that I had come here, refuting myself from the life I had known, and seeking a place to forget and to repose, away from men. I had no thought of even temporary residence or exploration; but each day my interest deepened, my curiosity was enlivened, my sympathies warmed, and slowly I was aware that the land held me in its spell—a land of fantastic scenery, of a mysterious people, of a barbaric history and *mise en scène*, a land of the primitive. I coursed it from end to end." Toward the close of the volume the spirit of the African desert is thus presented: "In that nomad world, where everything is passing away, there is nothing fixed but the will of Allah. It is not strange to find fatality the last word of Islam. In the desert world the will of nature appears with extreme nakedness; the fortune of man is brief, scant, and unstable; the struggle is against infinite odds, a meagre subsistence is gained, if at all; and the blow of adversity is sudden and decisive. Patience everywhere is the virtue of the poor, resignation the best philosophy of the unfortunate, and defeat, as well as victory, and perhaps more often, brings peace. These are great words of Islam, and nowhere have they sunk deeper into life than in the desert-soul." The book is, obviously, one to ponder rather than to gallop through, to read in certain moods, to drop, and to begin again, as impulse prompts; and its wisdom of the Orient offers an excellent corrective to the harsh practicality of our restless Occidentalism.

Comment and query on the function of fear.

With his wonted insight and his sure grasp on many of the vital truths of this pleasing anxious being of ours, Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson gives us a score of helpful and suggestive and eminently readable chapters on the nature and uses of fear. "Where No Fear Was" (Putnam) does not, as its title might lead one to infer, picture a state of existence devoid of terrors of countless kinds, but soberly faces the actuality of things and seeks to derive as much help and useful teaching as are to be had from the multifarious manifestations of this omnipresent though often mercifully latent emotion of our common human nature. As is his excellent custom, the writer draws largely on his own experience for the illustration and elaboration of his theme. The now happily obsolescent but not yet obsolete fear of eternal punishment he takes early opportunity to dismiss as "simply inconsistent with any belief in the goodness of God." Cheerful but not blindly optimistic is the

chapter on the uses of fear. "Fear is the shadow of the imaginative, the resourceful, the inventive temperament, but it multiplies resource and invention a hundredfold." Discouraging on that form of anxiety which comes from taking oneself too seriously, Mr. Benson interweaves one of those anecdotes from real life that help to give meaning and warmth and vitality to his pages. "I was sitting the other day," he tells us, "at a function next a man of some eminence, and I was really amazed at the way in which he discoursed of himself and his habits, his diet, his hours of work, and the blank indifference with which he received similar confidences. He merely waited till the speaker had finished, and then resumed his own story." No small part of the value and charm of the book lies in the writer's full and frank revelation of himself. It is the atmosphere of real life and not the musty air of the study that pervades the volume. But this is no new feature of Mr. Benson's writing, nor can any new word of commendation be easily found with which to call attention to his book.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Scattered articles from the pen of the late William Garrott Brown have been gathered into a volume entitled "The New Politics and Other Papers" (Houghton). All of the articles had appeared in periodicals during the past eight or ten years, and dealt with political and economic questions that were then before the public. It must not be supposed, however, that the publishers have erred in seeking to give them permanence. Though occasioned by immediate situations, they are of more than transient interest. The subjects treated are: "The New Politics," "Prophetic Voices about America," "The White Peril: The Immediate Danger of the Negro," "The South and the Saloon," "President Taft's Opportunity," and "Greetings to the Presidents" (Presidents Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson).

The reader is led to wonder, as he turns the pages of "The Conquest of the Tropics," whether Mr. Frederick Upham Adams was moved to write the book as an advertisement for the stock of the United Fruit Company or to induce tourists to try the steamers of its "Great White Fleet," or as a defence of the company against the charge that it is a trust. The publishers (Doubleday) frankly state that this is the first of a series to be published concerning "big business" enterprises in this country. They have done their part excellently. The product is finely printed, illustrated, and bound, making an attractive volume. Unfortunately the title is misleading. Aside from one chapter devoted to sanitation there is relatively little concerning the real conquest of the tropics, but a great deal about the origin and methods of the fruit company.

NOTES.

Mr. T. Philip Terry, compiler of guides to Mexico and Japan, is at work on a guide to China.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett has contracted to spend two months lecturing in the United States next winter.

A new Sherlock Holmes novel, "The Valley of Fear," will be brought out shortly by Messrs. Doran.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's new novel, "Perch of the Devil," will be published August 28 by Messrs. Stokes.

Mr. Ian Hay's new story, "A Knight on Wheels," will be issued in September by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin.

Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson's new volume of poems will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Macmillan.

Dr. Siegmund Freud's new book, "The Psychopathology of Everyday Life," will be published at once by Messrs. Macmillan.

Mr. A. C. Benson's new volume of essays, entitled "Orchard Pavilion," is announced for the autumn by Messrs. Putnam.

Mr. Harold Bell Wright's new novel, "The Eyes of the World," is announced for publication on August 8 by the Book Supply Co.

Novels by Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, and Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice are announced for autumn publication by the Century Co.

S. Weir Mitchell arranged shortly before his death for a definitive edition of his poems. The volume will be published in the autumn by the Century Co.

Mr. Roi Cooper Megrue's play, "Under Cover," which ran from Christmas to the Fourth of July in Boston, has been novelized for publication by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.

It is announced that Miss Alice Brown is the "Martin Redfield" whose novel, "My Love and I," attracted favorable attention when it was published a year or two ago by Messrs. Macmillan.

The autobiography of Mr. Abraham Mitrie Ribbany, pastor of the Church of the Disciples, Boston, will be published under the title of "A Far Journey," in the autumn by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt has resigned his place as contributing editor to the "Outlook" in order to devote the greater part of his time to politics. He expects to continue writing for the magazine on occasion.

An edition of the late Stanley Houghton's works will include, in addition to "Hindle Wakes" and the other plays which have been produced and printed, two long plays and one short play which are new and a number of critical articles contributed to the "Manchester Guardian."

The book which François Cellier, conductor of the Savoy operas, began as a record of Gilbert and Sullivan's works, and of their production by

Mr. and Mrs. D'Oyly Carte, has been completed by Mr. Cunningham Bridgman, and will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.

"His Official Fiancée" is the title of a new novel by Bertha Ruch, in private life Mrs. Oliver Onions, which will be published shortly. Mrs. Onions was a student of the Lambeth School of Art who discovered a talent for writing magazine serials. She has gradually begun to do more serious work.

Former associates of Harry Peyton Steger, who died a year and a half ago, are collecting his letters for publication. Many of these letters are said to exhibit the qualities which made him so much liked among authors and publishers. Persons having letters from Steger are requested to send copies of them to Mr. John A. Lomax, Secretary of the University, Austin, Texas.

Sir George O. Trevelyan's "George the Third and Charles Fox," the second and final volume of which will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Longmans, brings to a close the series of six volumes of which the first four are entitled "The History of the American Revolution." Sir George has been engaged on the work since he left the House of Commons seventeen years ago.

Miss Selma Lagerlöf, who won the Nobel prize for literature in 1909, is the first woman to be elected to the Swedish Academy. Miss Lagerlöf, who was the daughter of an army officer, was a school teacher. She made her early reputation by a book for children, "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils." A novel, "Jerusalem," is now being translated into English for publication by Messrs. Doubleday Page.

An annual magazine edited by Mr. E. V. Lucas is announced in London by Messrs. Methuen. Among the contributors will be Austin Dobson, Arnold Bennett, Hugh Walpole, John Galsworthy, and F. Anstey. A quantity of new material relating to Robert Browning which has been secured for the first issue includes a letter from John Ruskin discussing the poetic achievement of "Men and Women" and a number of letters from Robert Louis Stevenson.

Five new volumes will appear immediately in the Home University Library series. They are: "Chaucer and His Times," by Miss Grace E. Hadow; "The Wars Between England and America (1763-1815)," by Professor Theodore C. Smith; "William Morris: His Work and Influence," by Mr. A. Clutton Brock; "The Growth of Europe," by Professor Granville Cole; and "Sex," by Professor J. Arthur Thomson and Professor Patrick Geddes.

"The Weather and Climate of Chicago," by Professor Henry J. Cox and Mr. John A. Armington, will be published this week by the University of Chicago Press. The first two titles of the University of Chicago Science Series are announced for autumn publication. These are "The Origin of the Earth," by Professor Thomas C. Chamberlin, and "Isolation and Measurement of the Electron," by Professor Robert A. Millikan. This series proposes to make it possible for eminent scientific investigators to explain their researches not

only to a wider public, but also to their scientific colleagues, in a form more attractive and accessible than is possible through articles in the scientific journals, which are often scattered. The size of the books will be 100 to 150 pages, duodecimo.

It is announced that the "Century Magazine" will hereafter be published by the Century Magazine Company, of which Mr. Robert H. McBride, of the publishing house of McBride, Nast & Co., will be president. Mr. Robert Sterling Yard, who has been for the last year the editor of the "Century Magazine," will continue in that place and will be secretary of the new company. Mr. Carl T. Keller of Boston, an officer of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, is vice-president, and Mr. Robert H. Montgomery of New York City is treasurer. The "Century Magazine" will continue to be edited from its present offices and there will be, as in the past, close coöperation with the publishing business conducted by the Century Co. The new company is, however, distinct from the Century Co. and McBride, Nast & Co.

"Art and Archaeology" is the title of a new non-technical illustrated magazine published by the Archaeological Institute of America, the first number of which bears the date of July, 1914. During the present year four numbers will be issued, but commencing with 1915 the magazine will appear monthly. Its fifty pages are devoted to articles covering a considerable range, and to notes and brief book reviews. The articles include "Masterpieces of Aboriginal American Art—I, Stucco Work," in which Mr. W. H. Holmes, of the United States National Museum, describes one of the decorative features of some of the great prehistoric structures of Yucatan and other parts of Mexico; "The Visitation at Pistoia by Luca della Robbia," by Professor Allan Marquand, of Princeton; "Ancient Babylonian Antiquaries," by Professor Albert T. Clay, of Yale; "Excavations at Vrokastro, Crete, in 1912," by Miss Edith H. Hall, of the University of Pennsylvania Museum. A brief illustrated description of the Lincoln Memorial now being erected at Washington forms the first of a proposed series on "Modern Masterpieces of Classical Architecture." The general editor is Professor David Moore Robinson, of the Johns Hopkins University.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 79 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Great Families Series. First volumes: The Cavendish Family, by Francis Bickley; The Cecil Family, by G. Ravenscroft Dennis; The La Trémoille Family, by Winifred Stephens; The Seymour Family, by A. Audrey Locke. Each illustrated, 8vo. Houghton Mifflin Co. Per volume, \$2.50 net.

Nantucket: A History. By R. A. Douglas-Lithgow, M.D. Illustrated, 8vo, 389 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.

Malcolm Maccoll: Memoirs and Correspondence. Edited by George W. E. Russell. With portrait, 8vo, 407 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50 net.

Lord Chatham and the Whig Opposition. By D. A. Winstanley, M.A. Illustrated, 8vo, 460 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.25 net.

The Municipalities of the Roman Empire. By James S. Reid, Litt.D. 8vo, 548 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.75 net.

Ancient India: From the Earliest Times to the First Century. A. D. By E. J. Rapson, M.A. Illustrated, 12mo, 199 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cts. net.

Pennsylvania, The Keystone: A Short History. By Samuel Whitaker Pennypacker. Illustrated, 12mo, 316 pages. Philadelphia: Christopher Sower Co.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Letters of Edward Dowden and His Correspondents. With photogravure portraits, 8vo, 415 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net.

Fragments from Old Letters. E. D. to E. D. W., 1849-1892. With photogravure portraits, 8vo, 206 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2. net.

Collected Literary Essays: Classical and Modern. By A. W. Verrill, Litt.D.; edited, with Memoir, by M. A. Bayfield, M.A., and J. D. Duff, M.A. With photogravure portrait, 8vo, 292 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50 net.

Clio Enthroned: A Study of Prose-forms in Thucydides. By Walter R. M. Lamb, M.A. 8vo, 319 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3. net.

Outlines of Victorian Literature. By Hugh Walker, Litt.D., and Mrs. Hugh Walker. 8vo, 224 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Browning and Italian Art and Artists. By Pearl Hogrefe, A.M. 8vo, 78 pages. Lawrence: University of Kansas. Paper, 50 cts. net.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

The Poetical Works of George Crabbe. Edited by A. J. Carlyle and R. M. Carlyle. With portrait, 12mo, 600 pages. Oxford University Press.

The Dream of Gerontius, and Other Poems. By John Henry Newman. With portrait, 12mo, 278 pages. Oxford University Press.

The Song of Roland. Translated into English verse by Arthur S. Way, D.Litt. 8vo, 143 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Lorna Doone: A Romance of Exmoor. By R. D. Blackmore. With portrait, 16mo, 656 pages. Oxford University Press.

Vives: On Education. A Translation of the "De Tradendis Disciplinis" of Juan Luis Vives, with Introduction, by Foster Watson, D.Litt. With portrait, 8vo, 328 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.

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